1489. d. 28.

THE

Statesman's Mirrour:

OR,

FRIENDLY ADVICE

To a CERTAIN

GREAT MINISTER.

(Price Six-Pence.)

THE

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To a CERTAIN

GREAT MINISTER

TO

RETIRE from COURT.

A

POEM.

At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas inerustare.—— Hor.

Tibur, Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ Sedes utinam Senectæ;
Sit modus lasso Maris, & viarum,
Militiæque!—— Ibid.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword-and-Buckler-Court*, over-against the *Crown-Tavern* on *Ludgate-Hill.* 1741.

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RETIRE from COURT.

POEM.

THE
STATESMAN's MIRROUR;
OR,
FRIENDLY ADVICE.

GREAT wretched Man, whom Cares of State diſtreſs'
And, dear-bought, Honours ſplendidly oppreſs;
Pauſe, if you can, awhile, and lend an Ear,
'Tis Friendſhip's Voice, tho' it may ſound ſevere.

While lab'ring you, the pond'rous State ſupport,
And Poiſe, alone, the Country and the Court;
With Laws defend us, and with Morals grace,
And wake all Night that we may ſleep in Peace:
Muſt you, with Cares oppreſs'd, for ever groan,
And be the only Wretch in *Britain* known.

The Pride and Riches of the Town, behold!
And private Men, like Princes, ſerv'd in Gold!
See all the Plains with Palaces adorn'd!
And royal Favours, by the Wantons, ſcorn'd!
What? tho' thy Toils have thus enrich'd the Land,
They know thee not, nor bleſs the Giver's Hand!
With bitter Spight, thy Kindneſs, they return,
And mad, at once, with Wealth and Envy burn!

The bloated Churchman rides along in State;
His God is ſold to purchaſe an Eſtate:
The griping Lawyer is a Baron grown;
How many Clients ſtarve, to make him one!
The Doctor turns his Pills into a Plumb;
The Sexton curſes----but we all are dumb!
All, all enjoy what Fate and Fraud beſtow;
Nor Ink of Gall, nor factious Envy know.
Hard Lot of thoſe who ſerve th' ungrateful State!
They, only they, are envy'd what they get!
Black Spight, and burning Malice, pay their Care,
And reſtleſs Faction rails the live-long Year!

Retire for Shame--- O quit th' ungrateful Trade,
And yet be happy in thine *H*-----*n*'s Shade;
With chearful Friends in thine own Parlour ſup;
Nor pale Aſſaſſin fear, nor poiſon'd Cup.

Know'ſt thou the Joys of Peace, the leiſure Hour,
The Mind unburthen'd, and the lonely Bow'r?
The ſweet Reflection of a Life well ſpent,
And ſweeteſt Reliſh of all Joys, Content?
Thou know'ſt them not---- into the World you came,
Eager of Glory, panting after Fame.
' Give me, ye Gods (you cry'd) who govern all,
' To riſe in Glory, or with Glory fall.
' Be mine the Lot, when Pow'r invades the Laws,
' To prop the State, or periſh in the Cauſe;
' But, chief of all, the Arts of Peace impart,
' And give to rule, the riſing State with Art:
' With prudent Hand to hold the ſteady Rein,
' And Guide propitious, thro' the golden Mean.
Thy Pray'r is heard---Conſenting Thunders roul!
And *Pallas*, all, deſcends upon thy Soul:

On you proceed--- Great *Burleigh* in your Eyes,
And (dead in Youth, to youthful Pleaſures) riſe,
Britain's firſt Hope, and Freedom's laſt Reſort,
Joy of the Crowd, and Terror of the Court;
Loud in the Senate, you the Land alarm,
And rouſe to Arms, whom they to Fetters charm;
Call out, undaunted, on the Men who ſold,
The Liberty of all for gallic Gold:
Diſpel the Cloud, in which they think to 'ſcape,
And bid, free *Britons*, peaceful Harveſts reap;
With prudent Councils, fix the tott'ring Throne;
And give, to GEORGE, to call it now his own;
The public Faith, and Credit loſt, reſtore,
And draw the trading World to *Britain*'s Shore;
Bid Peace, o'er all, her ſilken Wings expand,
And ſmiling Plenty bleſs the teeming Land;
Bid ſtately Palaces, and Temples riſe,
And large, in ev'ry *Hamlett*, glad our Eyes;
Till pamper'd Wantonneſs, the Nation ſeize,
And all run mad with Riches and with Eaſe.
'Tis done---what's left to ground a Wiſh upon?
Crown'd with Succeſs, the ſhining Courſe is run!

Now count thy Gains, thou Pack-horſe of the State,
Whom Men, miſtaken, call the Wiſe and Great;
And is't for this, thou'ſt given the Whole of Life
To factious Diſcord, and to noiſy Strife?
Robb'd home of Peace, and ſold the genial Hour,
For painted Trifles, and for gilded Pow'r?

Friends thou hadſt many, e're thus grown ſo great;
Search now among the ribbon'd Throngs that wait,
And, if in all the Crowd, thou one canſt find,
Embrace him, and rejoice---thy Stars are kind.
O ſacred Friendſhip! who'd thy Charms forego,
For crowding Levees, and for empty Show?
Friends to our Fortunes, not our Perſons, they
Bask in our Sun-ſhine, court our Summer's Day;
But if a Storm ariſe, the Crowd is gone,
And we muſt 'ſcape---or periſh all alone.
Such Friends as theſe are wretched Friends indeed;
Friends all, all Hours, but at the Hour of Need!

Believe me, thou'rt too great for Friendſhip grown,
And would'ſt thou ſeek it, ſeek it on the Throne;

For all below thee, are too far below,
And Friendſhip's Joys, none can, but Equals know.
The Crowds that court thee, court with Friendſhip's Face;
The Face ſpeaks Friendſhip, but the Heart, a Place.
Deny them that, and tho' ſo oft they ſwore,
They PATRIOTS turn----and vote with you no more.
O, wretched Name! how thou'rt abus'd of late!
A Step-ſtone vile, to mount the troubl'd State!
A Mask deceitful, to conceal from Sight,
Fraud, Envy, Avarice, and burning Spight!
Yet, ſuch as theſe, thy Anti-chambers grace;
What Safety is there in a Crowd ſo baſe?
For Scraps all Day, the hungry Things purſue;
Feed them no longer, and they'll feed on you.
To other Hands tranſfer the Magick Rod;
A Prey thou'rt torn, who wer't but now their God.
Thou know'ſt them all---thou know'ſt enough of Man,
To make thee hate thyſelf for being one.

Is it for Fame thou tempt'ſt the ſlipp'ry Way,
And walk'ſt on Snares, in Danger, all the Day?

For Fame, thou needeſt not new Toils explore,
Thou may'ſt have leſs---but thou canſt not have more.
Is it for Wealth? Thou haſt by any Rule,
Enough, is wiſe---too much, to play the Fool,
Is't then thy *Fear* that urges you ſtill on,
And whiſpers falſely, there's no getting down?
It falſely whiſpers, you the Nation wrong,
Still you would pleaſe, if aught could pleaſe them long.
The *Faction*'s ſelf for thee no Malice knows,
They are thy *Places*, not thy *Perſon*'s, Foes.
By them, the *Stateſman*, not the *Man*, is fear'd;
Thy *Pow'r* is hated, but thy *Truth* rever'd;
Name, but for once, thy Pleaſure to retire,
And Zeal for thee ſhall ev'ry Boſom fire;
Even *P----y*'s ſelf thy matchleſs Virtues own,
And reach, a friendly Hand, to help thee down.
What ſtays thee then? from faithleſs Courts retreat,
From Cares that lurk beneath the Robe of State.
Fly far from Falſhood, Noiſe and factious Strife,
And give to Pleaſure the ſweet Reſt of Life.
Enjoy, what grateful Kings have heap'd on you,
And grace the Honours long to *H-----n* due.

In its cool Shades indulge the genial Hour,
And Taſte, at Leiſure, the firſt Sweets of Pow'r;
There let true Pride, by Merit won, delight
The Eve ſerene of a long Day ſo bright.
Whilſt guilty Crowds their ſoon-felt Loſs deplore,
And worſhip Virtues, which they ſee no more.

FINIS.